AT LAST.

"She is a queer craft, truly, senor, and, what is more, she has at least one bit of queer history attached to her."

We were standing on the Customhouse quay at Port Mahon—he, swarthy, handsome, eager-eyed and nervous of speech, a typical representative of the ragged, ease-loving, idleness-cursed rabble which throngs every city of the South of Europe, and has sent its stragglers even into the army of busy workers which populates the Balearic Islands.

The subject of his comment, an old brig with high bow and towering poop, elaborate with quaint carvings, to which some tarnished remnant of its ancient gilding clung, rode easily at anchor amid a fleet of other smaller but similarly abandoned crafts in the neglected corner of the harbor to which all such marine veterans were relegated until some enterprising speculator undertook to break them up.

"What is the history?" I asked.

"The senor would like to hear it?"

"I would, indeed."

My new friend deliberately drew a leaf of tobacco from his pocket, rolled it into a cigar, which he ignited from mine, blew a cloud of pungent smoke out in the direction of the brig, and, seating himself on one of the stone mooring-posts, with his eyes fixed upon the vessel, said:

"Then you shall.

This is his story as closely as I can recollect it, word for word:

Fifteen years ago two people who loved one another more than well lived at the farmhouse of the Finca Suberney in the Barranco (valley) de Algandar.

One was a girl of the farm, a creature of a beauty as pure and sweet as our summer sky; and a spirit as loving and wayward as the wind that blows from the orange gardens of Alayor.

The other a lad of twenty, half sailor, half husbandman, but all true lover, had been anchored in the valley by the cable of his heart, and in her eyes forgotten to long for the free air and the salt spray.

They were man and wife, of but a few months' standing—man and wife who went to labor, in the lime groves and orange orchards side by side, and to whom, even with its weary work and common fare, the valley was a Paradise.

In the third month of their marriage a stranger appeared in the valley.

He was an Englishman, a traveler for pleasure, whose idle lounge brought him to the farm. The place pleased him, the people, as everywhere in the Islands, were hospitable and proud of the presence of a guest; so he remained.

Days wore to weeks, weeks became months, and still he lingered. To-day it was an excursion among the shepherds of the desolate heights that hem the valley in; to-morrow a sturdy climb up the Monte del Tow, with its wind-worn convent ruins; again, a long ride through fields of golden grain and gardens of olives, fruit groves and fertile farms. Whatever the amusement was he followed it up earnestly, as his countrymen always do.

At the end of his second month's stay one of these excursions brought him down the mountain side after nightfall, with a wild gale blowing from the north, sweeping over the bare hills with a bitter breath.

As he rode in the darkness, his attention was attracted by a woman's shriek. It pierced the night, and the gale, sharp and clear, full of wild appeal for aid, and pushing toward it without hesitation, he found himself before one of those high, pyramidal structures of loose stones, in which the Balearic shepherds shelter their sheep.

A fire was burning under the lee of this stall, and by its light he saw a woman—a girl, rather—struggling in the arms of a burly, skin-clad ruffian, while two others looked on with savage laughs.

To ride one of these down, fell the other to the earth, and with a fierce cut of his whip across his face compel the third to release his prey, was the work of as little time as it takes to tell it, and before the shepherds had recovered from their stupefaction, the creator of it had cantered out of reach of the volley of stones they sent after them, clasping the rescued girl to his breast.

Her story was soon told. She was the young bride of the farm, on her way home from another *hacienda* had been stopped by the half-savage shepherds, as he had seen; so riding and talking they came to the door of the house where he was an honored guest and she a drudge.

Great as the social difference between them was, her gratitude and his admiration bridged it over. They met often, he always loftily kind, lavish, on his return from an occasional visit to town, with trifling gifts; she ever humbly proud of his notice, truly grateful for his magnificence.

The husband saw this, too, and saw it with pride. Poor fool! he thought that the valley, where men honored women as their own mothers, wives and sisters, was the world.

At last the guest departed. Next day a peddler from Mercadel passed through the valley. It was afterward recollected that he held some speech with *her* while exhibiting his wares to the people of the farm.

Many other things were recollected, too, when, next night, her place at the table in the great kitchen was vacant, her side of her husband's bed was cold. When the country all about was scoured only to discover, two days later, that a stranger and a country-girl had met in the market-place of Mercadel, and had gone together to Port Mahon.

Thither the husband followed them, mad with outraged love for her and deadly hatred for her destroyer.

He found them not. They had gone in the yacht which had brought the traveler to the island, and which had lain waiting his pleasure, in the habor. Whither? To France, some said. To France *he* therefore went, by the first vessel that sailed.

It would not profit to tell of the long, fruitless search; to tell how, following them from place to place, always too late, he traversed all the Mediterrenean coast until, one day, hearing of him and that he was now traveling alone, he knew that the inevitable had come to pass, and that she had been cast aside for a fresher face, a newer love.

Still searching, he found her at last.

Found her in a slum, surrounded by thieves, by vagrants, by women who were only women in name, dead, with a breathing babe on her rigid heart.

He took the child, and returning with it to his native place, put it among those who would care for it, and once more turned his restless face toward his goal. He carried a keen knife now, and had a use for it sworn over her sacred grave.

It was dreary waiting, and sometimes his heart failed him. The knife-blade, rubbed so often to kill the rust, was becoming thin.

It was becoming sharper, though, and he smiled each time he felt its constantly keener-growing edge.

"It will do its work all the better," he thought. "It will do it all the more surely, swiftly and fatally."

Sometimes, however, a fear would beset him. Might he not die? The very roving life his pursuit led him exposed him to perils which might balk his purpose.

"If I should die before I meet him!" he thought. "My God! if that should be!"

And at this thought his blood would turn to ice, and a strange horror come over him, a horror that would set his brain whirling, full of mad devils, that had all one single, mocking face, and seemed to jeer at him and taunt him with defeat—defeat!

In one of these despairing fits a letter reached him from what had been his home. It told him that the child—her child—was ill, and besought him to return at once.

With a curse upon the fortune that interrupted his purpose even for a few days, he set about it to obey the letter, nevertheless.

He was in Palermo. The old brig yonder lay there, bound for Majorca, and he shipped on her.

On the night of the third day out they came upon a boat, drifting, and in it a fainting man—the last survivor of a pleasure yacht foundered in a gale two days before.

He was taken on board, revived and restored, and next day appeared on deck. The husband saw him, and his heart gave a great leap.

The end, long sought by many laborious ways—through deadly peril, toil, trouble, bitter want, but always with undeviating faith, had come at last.

He and her murderer stood face to face!

His hand went at once to the knife in his bosom, but touched the priest's letter and fell again.

He must be cautious. He must not create any barrier to his seeing the sick little one among the Majorcan Hills.

His work could be done secretly and surely on some one of the days of the voyage yet to come.

Several of these days passed without bringing the opportunity.

At last it arrived.

One night the traveler and the captain sat late together over their wine. They were deep drinkers both, and the cabin-lamp saw many a bumper emptied before the carousers separated.

The man at the wheel, looking down through the open cabin hatch saw them rise at last, and heard the Englishman speak, pressing his temples between his hands:

"I have a headache," he said; "I will go on deck for a breath of what little fresh air there is."

It was hot; a breathless, heavy summer night, oppressive with the intense warmth of a coming storm; but the helmsman, as he felt for a knife in his bosom, all the furnaces of hell could not have brought such a fierce gust of flaming joy as turned his blood to fire and flashed a red mist in his eager eyes when a figure stepped upon the deck.

At last! at last!

"A close, hot night, my man," said the Englishman, in his easy, careless way, as he lounged slowly to the taffrail. "The sort of night to remind one of the tortures the damned undergo below."

The brig gave a lurch to leeward as the sea twisted her unmanned rudder. A bright blade flashed redly in the light of the binnacle; one figure only stood where two had been, looking with blazing eyes into the black water where a circle of sharp ripples, fringed with phosphorescent fire, widened in lines of pallid flame and vanished.

There had been a single deep groan, and a figure had plunged past the cabin window; a figure whose heart was cleft by a keen blade which was worn so thin that it had been snapped off, leaving only the handle in the executioner's hand.

At the same instant a star, the single one visible in the murky heavens, had fallen in a swift sweep of light.

Next day it was known that the traveler, so lately snatched from death upon it, had fallen overboard in a drunken fit and been swallowed by the sea.

"And the man? The child?" I asked, when my story-teller drew a long breath, wiped the perspiration from his drawn brow with the back of his hand, and tossed his finished cigar into the water. "Are they alive?"

"Faithless *padre mio*," said a voice behind me, and a slender brown-skinned, free-limbed girl of thirteen, bare headed, bare-footed, and clad in the picturesque peasant's dress of the country, stepped past me and smote my friend lightly on the face with a melon leaf. "Is this you promise? Pardon me, senor, but you know how false he is. He pledged me faithfully to take me to the theatre in the *plaza* to-day, and here I find him, as always, staring his eyes out at that wretched old ship yonder. What can there be about it that he feast his eyes upon it so, like a poor woman praying at her shrine?"

"It is a shrine! a monument!" said the story-teller, his eyes gleaming for a moment with savage joy, which softened to such a look of love as one rarely sees when he brushed the girl's heavy hair back from her forehead and kissed her.

"Senor, you ask whether the man and the child of my story are alive. They are."

And hand in hand with the girl he went up the blazing sunlit quay, and vanished in the busy street.

"Doodle Bugs."

It is a known fact that nearly everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with rapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.

'We call the Doodle bugs up any time we have a mind,' said some little girls to me one day when I was teaching school in western Virginia.

'Doodle bugs?' said I, 'I never heard of such things.'

'Would you like to see them?' asked one.

'Most assuredly,' I answered.

Then the little girls led me forth to the ruins of an old log school-house, roofless and floorless, and joining hands, they squatted upon the ground, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command:

'*Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle bugs!*'

I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard-baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant for three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground began to heave in little spots and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-colored beetle.

When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back to their holes.

This struck me as very singular. But then, we are constantly meeting with strange things in bugdom. It is like fairy land if we only become interested.

There are many, many kinds of beetles called *coleopterous* insects, because they have wing cases; that is, they have shells or cases on their backs under which they hold their wings, some kinds using them so very seldom that you would never know that they had wings. A great many live under the ground, and others on trees, flowers and grain. Indeed, there is scarce a place where you may not find them.

All of you know that the ugly caterpillar becomes a butterfly, but some of you may not know that nearly every worm you may find, turns out some day to be a creature with wings.

Almost every child who has lived in the country has noticed, and perhaps been very much amused with the Bill Chafer, or tumble bug, as we call it here in New Jersey. How they seem to be playing with marbles right in the middle of the road on hot, dusty days! How they push and tumble, and get their jackets all dusty in their efforts! Sometimes it takes two or three beetles to roll their balls up an elevation, or over some impediment in the way.

Did you never wonder what all such work meant, or did you suppose it was just the way those bugs have of amusing themselves? I can remember when I thought so myself. But after I became older I began to wonder where the bug got the balls and what they were made of, and what they were going to do with them. I have since found it out, and it is all very interesting.

They make the balls out of the excretions of animals, in which is deposited an egg, leaving it in the sun until it is baked almost as hard as a marble; then begins their work. They toil and struggle until they get the balls three feet under ground. Then the little one is left in its spherical home from early September until the next spring, as warm and snug as you please, growing larger and larger until it bursts from its shell, a little worm with six legs, and creeps up to the surface of the ground; or, as some say they remain in the balls until they become chrysalids, and come out beetles or tumble bugs, ready to begin tumbling and pushing like their mothers before them.—*A. E. C. Anderson, in April Wide Awake.*

The *Kearney Press* says: "The happiest man in seventeen counties is Fred Shulson. He is a native of Sweden which he left two years ago just after taking to himself one of the sunny-haired daughters of that nation. Not having money enough to buy two tickets, he left his bride and came alone across the ocean and half-across the continent to find, upon the broad plains of Nebraska, a home to which he might bring the newly made partner of his joys and sorrows. Taking a homestead in the Republican valley he commenced his work. The first crop was a total failure and the end of the year found him no nearer the consummation of his hopes and wishes than the beginning. Not discouraged, he continued his work and, last season, with eighty acres of wheat and twenty-four bushels to the acre he found himself, to his mind, a wealthy man. Building a comfortable house, he sent to the waiting bride in Sweden the necessary funds to bring her to him. She arrived here Tuesday night. For a week he had been watching every incoming train; and when, at last, he saw her stepping from the platform, that strong young man, who had never weakened through two long years of toil and privation broke completely down and sobbed like a child. He could not speak but merely clasped her in his arms and gazed in her face through his tears of joy. After the first few moments, however, the scene became amusing and, to one unacquainted with the circumstances it would have seemed extremely ludicrous. When he had recovered from the first shock of gladness he sprang about ten feet away from her, looked at her from hat to shoestring, gave a cry like a motherless calf and with one bound was by her side hugging her as if she were a cider press and he was trying to squeeze out the juice. Then he kissed her on both cheeks, on the mouth, the nose, the forehead, in fact slobbered all over her; then he stepped up and, taking both of her hands in his, stared into her face. Then he squeezed her again until something cracked, it couldn't be a whalebone for she was entirely innocent of corsets, and then he kissed her. All this time her little tongue was chipping out Swede small talk in a continuous stream, only broken by the application of his carnivarous mouth to her curving lips. How long they continued these maneuvres we do not know but when we saw them next morning in a wagon, behind a team of good horses, starting for their valley home, she was nestled beneath his arm which was around her neck and both her little hands were clinging to him as if he were the only being on earth and she was bound never to lose him again. If that couple is not happy there is no use looking for the genuine article in this wicked sin-surrounded world.

No Dust in her Eyes.

'I have called,' said the agent, sitting down with an owlish kind of look, upon the chair she had wiped off for him with her apron, 'to bring to your attention a work that is at the present time eliciting more attention from the thinking minds of both hemispheres than anything the printing press has sent forth in the last quarter of a century.'

'Bless my life!' said the woman, 'I wouldn't a' b'lieved it! what have you got, anyhow?'

'My dear madam,' continued the agent, as he proceeded to unwrap a package done up in oil-silk, while the children gathered around him with eyes full of curiosity, and the woman left her wash-tub and stood before him with arms akimbo; 'I have a few fragments of a feast for the intellect that you have probably felt the need of many times.'

'Indeed I have, sir. It's mighty hard in these times for a woman with a trifling, shiftless husband to keep the pot boiling for six children, and many's the time we all go hungry.'

'Really, madam, I fear you do not exactly understand me.'

'O, yes, sir—you're talking about something to eat.'

'No—no. It's mental food I refer to. Something to strengthen and invigorate the expanding intellect.'

'I guess we don't need any o' that here,' said the woman, poking down the clothes to keep the suds from boiling out over the stove. 'But if you had a brought along a side o' bacon, or a peck o' beans, they would a' been mighty acceptable, and even a small sack o' flour wouldn't a' been sneezed at.'

'Yes, yes, my good woman,' continued the agent, unabashed, 'certainly, those things are all well enough in their way; but do you never feel the need of something to stimulate the mind? something to lift it far above the groveling pursuits of every-day life and make it soar high beyond the cares of—'

'Is it some sort of a flying-machine you've got?'

'No—no. I am selling an encyclopedia in monthly parts.'

'Mercy on us! And what good is the machine till you get it all put together?'

'It is not a machine, my good woman, it is a BOOK. A book, mum, that will tell you all about everything under the sun.'

'Tell me everything?' and the woman scratched her head and boxed a youngster who was climbing up on the man's lap.

'Exactly—that's what it will do, and never miss. It's a whole library in itself.'

'Well, then, I want to know where my old man was all the blessed livelong night till three o'clock this morning, and where he got the money to buy the whisky he got drunk on. Show me that, and if there's any pictures, let me see 'em,' said the woman, beginning to feel an interest in the work.

'You misunderstand me altogether,' responded the agent with an uncomfortable air, 'I mean to say it will give you information—'

'Well, that's just what I'm after,' cut in the woman. 'Give it to me. Where was the old soaker?'

'It's not that kind of information—no book could give you that—but anything in the scientific or—'

'Get out with you—go to grass with your scientific nonsense—that ain't what I'm working my finger ends off for. What I want is potatoes, coal, pork, flour, or something else to keep body and soul together. So you might as well mosey on and try your luck somewhere else, stranger, you've struck the wrong house.'

'But my dear woman, hear me out. This is a compendium—'

'Go 'way with you. I don't care if it's a non-comprehensibiliculus—it won't pay house-rent nor save soap.'

'It's the quintessence of all human knowledge.'

'That won't keep the children in shoes and clothes, nor make a man swear off and stick to it.'

'An epitome of——'

'Clear out with you. It can't butter a slice of bread, nor doctor up a sick child. So you just pack it up and vamoose. I've got a two week's wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that has got to be done before a bite to eat comes into the house, and I ain't got no time to stand here listening to your high-sounding gab. There ain't no dust in my eyes, and you'd better climb if you know when it's healthy.'

He took the hint and departed.

A College Freak.

The following story of old times in South Carolina is told of the learned Dr. Maxcey. On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy president a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the college precincts they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself inside. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that 'the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it'—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass panels, and the well known voice of the doctor himself thus addressing them:

'So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Mr. ——, and ——, and ——, buckle to, and let us return; it's getting late!'

There was no appeal; for the window was raised and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole and the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less voice, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterward dragged at night into the woods.

The Lost Tribes in Ireland.

The question 'What became of the ten tribes of Israel carried away into Assyrian captivity,' has for many centuries called out the most ingenious theories from authors and scholars. Josephus believed that the lost tribes lived in his day somewhere beyond the Euphrates. Christian writers believe that they have found traces of the lost tribes among the people at the foot of Himalaya Mountains, among the Affghans, among the Tartars, and among the North American Indians. History leaves the question in just the shape to be tantalizing and to offer free sweep for the imagination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Rev. Joseph Wild, of Brooklyn, enters the field with a theory of his own. He believes that the ten tribes escaped to Ireland and that the Prophet Jeremiah, when he fled from Palestine with Tephi, the King's daughter, went to Tara, in Ireland. He carried with him the Ark of the Covenant and the tables of the law. Tephi was married to the King at Tara, and from her descendants came the house of Stuart. In Queen Victoria, as the descendant of the house of Stuart, Dr. Wild sees the fulfillment of the prophecy, 'The seed of David shall not want a man upon the throne.' Dr. Wild believes that Jeremiah was the true St. Patrick, the name St. Patrick being a corruption of the saint of the patriarchs.

In advancing the theory that the lost tribes went to Ireland, Dr. Wild says Hibernia is a Hebrew word, only slightly modified; that there is an admitted similarity between the Irish and Hebrew languages; that the Irish language is, in fact, a compound of the Hebrew and Phœnician, and that historians agree that there were two settlements in Ireland—first by the Phœnicians, and second by the children of Dan; that the Druid circles, altar stones, and cromlechs all find ready explanation on the hypothesis that they were corruptions of ancient Hebrew religious ceremonies.

Quoting from Jeremiah: 'Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me and the ships of Tarshish first.' Dr. Wild aims to prove that the isle referred to were Ireland and the adjacent islands, and rests his case. The future of Ireland, under these prophecies, he argues, is to be grand, but only for Israel and the Canaanitish proselytes. All else are to die or be scattered from the island.

Dr. Wild is pastor of the Elm Place Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, and declares that he has spent fifteen years in studying Hebrew, Greek, and Irish history bearing on the question.

A three-year-old youngster saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" "Yes, my child." The little boy reflected a moment and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have done it."

The good people of Williamstown, Vt., were appalled the other day, by the following dreadful writing on the wall:—"I am reDy To ceaTE yoUR cHairSE."

It is said that in Thuringa, Germany, over 1,000 tons of dried beet root leaves are annually passed off as genuine tobacco. These same leaves, as well as those of chickory and cabbage are largely used for a similar purpose in Magdeburg and in the Palatinate. The 'Vevey' cigars, so much favored in south Germany, contain no tobacco at all, but are entirely composed of cabbage and beet leaves, derived of their natural smell and taste by a special form of cultivation, and subsequently steeped in tobacco water for a lengthened period.

Mr. Campbell Foster was once addressing a jury and was much annoyed by Mr. Digby Seymour carrying on a conversation the while. Presently he lost all patience, and in his best brogue said:

"Pray, Mr. Saymore, be quiet."

"My name is not Saymore, it's Seymour," corrected Digby. Whereupon Foster angrily rejoined:

"Then, sir, see more and say less."

A stranger seeing an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a brick house at his side, spoke to him, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Is that a funeral?"

"Yes, sir, I'm thinking it is."

"Anybody of distinction?"

"I reckon it is, sir."

"Who is it that died?"

"The gentleman in the coffin, sir."

A Dutchman, the other day, reading the account of a meeting came to the words, 'The meeting then dissolved.' He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, 'Dey must have wery hot wedder der in New York. I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted avay.'

Even quiet, conservative, temperance Boston wants the bell-punch; and the most conservative paper in the city, the *Traveller*, says: "Let us have the bell-punch. It is the best means to collect a tax on luxuries."

"Mamma," asked a precious youngster at a tea table the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, "do you think I could stand another of those fried holes?"

The English boy is whaled unmercifully at school, but after he grows up he whales his wife and gets even.

George Washington wasn't always first even in war or in peace. He married a widow.